

## Theatrical and Amusements

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tend that has existed so long. Charlotte Walker plays June, and she is supported by a most capable company.

The wonderful series of Motion Pictures taken in the Arctic region last summer, by the Carnegie Museum Alaska-Siberia Expedition, will be placed on view at the Salt Lake Theatre for one week, starting with Monday Matinee, September 22nd. Captain F. E. Kloeschmidt, the intrepid Arctic big game hunter, and Naturalist, who commanded the expedition, took a cinematograph with him in his quest for specimens, and devoted much time and labor to securing a permanent record of the habits of the polar bear, walrus, sea lion, seal, caribou, mountain sheep, and other wild life of land and sea, as well as the birds of the Northland in their native habitat. The Eskimo came in for his full share of attention, and his home life in the igloos, his sports and pastimes, and his fearless chase of the big game animals, which provide for his every need, have all been preserved in the form of moving

Pictures, replete with thrilling and amusing scenes.

### PANTAGES.

With a bill that includes three of the best acts ever secured by the circuit, the Pantages is well into the second week of its season with popular priced Pantages vaudeville.

Hill, Cherry and Hill, comedy acrobats on bicycles, is one of the big features of the program and with the Eight English Roses, Dilla and Templeton, the Victoria Four, Maide De Long and Charles Lindholm in "The Man From Minnesota" the bill is one of the best of the season.

For the week beginning next Wednesday afternoon the Pantages will offer as the headline feature Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons and her company of fourteen people presenting "A Bulgarian Romance." Then will come the Velde Trio and their loop-the-loop dogs; Leonard and Drake; Lopez and Lopez features music glasses; Edith Haney and Company in fun and music and Courtney and Jeanette, comedy jugglers.

### THE DANGEROUS NEW FREE WOMAN PORTRAYED IN "HINDLE WAKES."

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Alan tells Fanny that Beatrice Farrar has given him up unselfishly and bravely. He believes that Fanny is refusing to wed him because she does not want to "spoil his life." "Thanks!" retorts Fanny. "Much obliged for the compliment."

FANNY. Don't you kid yourself, my lad! It isn't because I'm afraid of spoiling your life that I'm refusing you, but because I'm afraid of spoiling mine. That didn't occur to you?

ALAN. It didn't.

FANNY. You never thought that anybody else could be as selfish as yourself.

ALAN. I may be very conceited, but I don't see how you can hurt yourself by wedding me. You'd come in for plenty of brass, anyhow.

FANNY. I don't know as money's much to go by when it comes to a job of this sort. It's more important to get the right chap.

ALAN. You like me well enough?

FANNY. Suppose it didn't last? Weddings brought about this road have a knack of turning out badly. Would you ever forget it was your father bade you marry me? No fear! You'd bear me a grudge all my life for that.

ALAN. Hang it! I'm not such a cad as you make out.

FANNY. You wouldn't be able to help it. It mostly happens that road. Look at old Mrs. Eastwood—hers was a case ours. Old Joe Eastwood's father made them wed. And she's been separated from him these thirty years, living all alone in that big house at Valley Edge. Got any amount of brass, she has, but she's so lonesome-like she does her own house-work for the sake of something to occupy her time. The tradesfolk catch her washing the front steps. You don't find me making a mess of my life like that.

ALAN. Look here, Fanny, I promise you I'll treat you fair all the time. You don't need to fear that folk'll

of that part of the bargain?

ALAN. Don't be silly. I thought of it long ago. You do like me? You wouldn't have gone to Llandudno with me if you hadn't liked me?

FANNY. Oh! yes, I liked you.

ALAN. And don't you like me now?

FANNY. You're a nice, clean, well-made lad. Oh, ay! I like you right enough.

ALAN. Then, Fanny, for God's sake marry me, let's get this job settled.

FANNY. Not me!

ALAN. But you must. Don't you see it's your duty to.

FANNY. Oh! come now, you aren't going to start preaching to me?

ALAN. No. I don't mean duty in the way Beatrice did. I mean your duty to me. You've got me in a hole and it's only fair that you should help me out.

FANNY. I like your cheek!

ALAN. But just look here. I'm going to fall between two stools. It's all up with Beatrice, of course. And if you won't have me I shall have parted from her to no purpose; besides getting kicked out of the house by my father, more than likely.

FANNY. Nay, nay! He'll not punish you for this. He doesn't know it's your fault I'm not willing to wed you.

ALAN. He may. It's not fair, but it would be father all over to do that.

FANNY. He'll be only too pleased to get shut of me without eating his own words. He'll forgive you on the spot, and you can make it up with Beatrice to-morrow.

ALAN. I can never make it up with Bee!

FANNY. Get away!

ALAN. You won't understand a girl like Bee. I couldn't think of even trying for months, and then it may be too late. I'm not the only pebble on the beach. And I'm a damaged one, at that!

FANNY. She's fond of you, you said?

ALAN. Yes. I think she's very fond of me.

FANNY. Then she'll make it up in a fortnight.

ALAN. (Moodyly.) You said you were fond of me once, but it hasn't taken you long to alter.

FANNY. All women aren't built alike. Beatrice is religious. She'll be sorry for you. I was fond of you in a way.

ALAN. But you didn't ever really love me?

FANNY. Love you? Good heavens,



MARJORIE RAMBEAU, beautiful and gifted actress who appears next week in "Their Market Value" written by her husband, Willard Mack and produced at the Utah for the first time.

of course not! Why on earth should I love you? You were just someone to have a bit of fun with. You were an amusement—a lark.

ALAN. (Shocked.) Fanny! Is that all you cared for me?

FANNY. How much more did you care for me?

ALAN. But it's not the same. I'm a man.

FANNY. You're a man, and I was your little fancy. Well, I'm a woman, and you were my little fancy. You wouldn't prevent a woman enjoying herself as well as a man, if she takes it into her head?

ALAN. But do you mean to say that you didn't care any more for me than a fellow cares for any girl he happens to pick up?

FANNY. Yes. Are you shocked?

ALAN. It's a bit thick, it is really!

FANNY. You're a beauty to talk!

ALAN. It sounds so jolly immoral. I never thought of a girl looking on a chap just like that! I made sure you wanted to marry me if you got the chance.

FANNY. No fear! You're not good enough for me. The chap Fanny Hawthorn weds has got to be made of different stuff from you, my lad. My husband, if ever I have one, will be a man, not a fellow who'll throw over his girl at his father's bidding! Strikes me the sons of these rich manufacturers are all much alike. They seem a bit weaz in the upper story. It's their fathers' brass that's too much for them, happen! They don't know how to spend it properly. They're like chaps who can't carry

their drink because they aren't used to it. The brass gets into their heads, like!

When the parents are called back into the room, they are shocked and surprised, and Mrs. Hawthorn is insanely angry. She announces that Fanny can go home and pack her things and be off. She wants no more of her. Christopher Hawthorn attempts to interfere, but he is silenced. Alan tells Fanny that he is not going to see her homeless. It is then that Fanny Hawthorn expresses her ultra-radical feminism and her simple theory of the economic independence of woman. "It's right good of you, Alan, but I shan't starve. I'm not without a trade at my finger tips, thou knows. I'm a Lancashire lass, and so long as there's weaving sheds in Lancashire I shall earn enough brass to keep me going. I wouldn't live at home again after this, not anyhow! I'm going to be on my own in future. (To Christopher.) You've no call to be afraid. I'm not going to disgrace you. But so long as I've to live my own life I don't see why I shouldn't choose what it's to be."

Confident of her ability to get along on "twenty-five bob a week" and freedom, Fanny sets out to find a new home. She evidently feels that rags are royal raiment when a girl has economic independence. Alan rushes over to win back Beatrice, while the elder Jeffcoates, slightly nettled that one of the girls at Daisy Bank Mill has turned down their handsome "lad," nevertheless thankfully express satisfaction at the workings of Providence.